

Changing the Lyrics

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Summary: Astrid found him and his dragon together out on the docks.

Changing the Lyrics

****AN/:** Short little thing on some sort of aftermath of the chiefing and the dying and the singing I don't know. I'm a mess okay, I had to get it out of my system.******

****Spoilers ahoy.****

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><p>Astrid found him and his dragon together out on the docks.<p>

Being the new chief that he was, it was hardly a surprise that she hadn't seen too much of him these days, especially as their village was recently besieged by a very large ice-breathing dragon, and the destruction was still being seen to. She understood, but it still stung that he couldn't spend a little more time in her company. Even during the time of his escapades, he managed to wriggle a few hours in (some of which may be her fault). But now, he seemed disconnected, from her, from all of the gang. He still addressed as them as friends, but now it wasn't a constant; he now could address them very formally and the rest of the village wouldn't bat an eyelash. Though it was the logical progression, it still made Astrid feel a little out of place.

But then there were the times no one could find him. Everyone assumed he was out flying and quietly berated him for his absence until the new chief returned within the half hour, not astride his greatest companion. That might've been the gap widener that Astrid was looking for.

The time came again when Hiccup was nowhere to be found, but unlike the other times, Astrid immediately went looking for him. And, weirdly enough, she found him easily.

The docks had been smashed to pieces, only a few splinters of the loading ramps mounted upon the cliffs intact, in some instances being held by rogue ice shards. She found him, Toothless in tow- wrapped around his general vicinity like a large, black, loving carpet- sitting with his legs thrown over the platform, dangling gently over the sea.

He was observing. Just observing. Watching the fields of water roll on plaintively with interest, leaning against the body of the dragon.

She decided to watch as well. It was odd how calming this was. She crept to a place on the dock not too far from him; for all she knew, he was perfectly aware she was there at this point. But she was near, joining him in this activity, in the calm stare across the ocean.

That didn't occupy him enough to stop him from bursting into song, apparently.

Perhaps "bursting" was too strong a word. It was more quiet and wispy, and the barely heard the first note escape into the air. She had to scoot closer to him in order to listen properly to what he was singing. Toothless rumbled quietly as she passed over his tail.

"I'll swim and sail on savage seas, with ne'er a fear of drowning," she heard, soft and plaintive, "And gladly ride the waves of life,"

"If you will stay with me."

Astrid's mind immediately flew to the meaning behind it. It was abruptly obvious. That was a marriage song she had heard a long time ago, barely in her memory at this point, somehow something she had decided was important enough to hang onto.

But he had changed the lyrics a bit. More platonic in the way he had decided to shift them.

"No scorching sun, nor freezing cold, will stop me on my journey,"

He was still missing his father.

"If you will promise me you'll stay,"

She shifted herself close enough that she could touch him.

"And love-" his breath hitched, the next line barely a whisper. He sighed, unable to get the next line out. Toothless gave him a comforting nudge, a gentle trill, soothing best he could, but Hiccup didn't even twitch at these gestures.

Astrid found her palm sliding over his knuckles, gripping the edge of it gently.

"And love him for eternity."_ She finished, not looking at him directly, but still out over the ocean waves.

She then looked at him directly. Hiccup glanced at her, a quiet "thank you" of sorts, eyes tired, and leaned his head onto hers. He was never a crier, just more inclined toward contact upon feeling miserable. She felt the Night Fury's tail swoop over their knees and draw them closer in.

Just their ragtag family of three, looking out over the ocean.

* * *

><p>Somehow, Astrid got the idea that they may have been looking, naively, for a severely charred ship to arrive on their shores this whole time.

End
file.